Gathering Flowers From The Hillside
Written by A. P. Carter

chorus:  I've been gathering flowers from the hillside,
        To wreath around your brow,
        But you've kept me a-waitin' so long, dear,
        That the flowers have all withered now.

1.  I know that you have seen trouble,
    But never hang down your head,
    Your love for me is like the flowers,
    Your love for me is dead.

chorus:

2.  It was on one bright June morning,
    The roses were in bloom,
    I shot and killed my darling,
    And what will be my doom?

chorus:

3.  Closed eyes cannot see these roses,
    Closed hands cannot hold them, you know,
    And these lips that still cannot kiss me,
    Have gone from me forever more.

chorus: